New York Theatre Critics' Reviews 1951

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NEW YORK JOURNAL-AMERICAN
NEW YORK POST HOME NEWS
NEW YORK DAILY NEWS
NEW YORK WORLD TELEGRAM & THE SUN
NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE
NEW YORK MIRROR
NEW YORK TIMES

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"The Green Pastures"

The New York Times

March 16, 1951

William Marshall Plays the Lawd in Revival of Marc Connelly's 'The Green Pastures' at Broadway

By BROOKS ATKINSON

Although Richard B. Harrison has gone to his reward, "The Green Pastures" remains green, disarming and moving. William Marshall plays the Lawd in the beautiful new production which opened at the Broadway last evening. Old Mr. Harrison was an inspired man, ripe with years and dedicated to a mission. There will never be his equal in Marc Connelly's incomparable play.

But Mr. Marshall is a Lawd of stature, power and sincerity. He is physically gigantic; he towers over everyone else in this excursion into heaven. He has a wide prophet's face and a magisterial voice. At the moment he is kindly rather than grand; and although his voice is capacious, it is placid.

* * *

Since the standards were irrevocally set by Mr. Harrison, it is necessary to make these comparisons. But they are not intended as criticisms of Mr. Marshall's majestic leadership of a piece of celestial folklore. For the old magic is being evoked again and the fable of the earth and its people is once more on the stage in all its wonder and glory. At least one votary of this reverent fantasy was afraid that the time had passed by for so simple an analysis of good and evil. But the time has not gone by; in fact, the time may be more auspicious than it was in 1930. The humility and the purity of "The Green Pastures" may be more exalting than they were originally before the world was infected with evil.

* * *

Under Mr. Connelly's loving direction, the memorable moments are still tender and vivid; and the progress of the story from the cheerful fish-fry in heaven to the spiritual torment of the second act on earth is still imaginative and stirring. Adam's happy arrival in the Garden of Eden; Noah's innocent hospitality to the Lawd and his temperamental command of the Ark; the flight of the children of Israel and the affectionate farewell to Moses; Hezdrel's faith in the Lawd when the world is collapsing around him and the Lawd takes a lesson from one of his faithful—these are great moments in the theatre and in the hearts of men as well.

Historically, it all came out of the late Roark Bradford's sketches in "Ol' Man Adam an' His Chillun." But Mr. Connelly brought to the legend a respect for innocence that puts the whole thing on a finer plane; and no one knows how much rapture the Hall Johnson choir has contributed with its superb singing of the spirituals. Robert Edmond Jones' beautiful settings and costumes are an integral part of the whole experience.

* * *

In addition to Mr. Marshall, the cast includes a great many first-rate actors—Ossie Davis as a respectful and good-humored Angel Gabriel; Alonzo Bosan as a raffish but upright Noah; John Marriott as Moses, devout and courageous; William Dillard, both as Adam and Hezdrel. Since the drama was less frugal in 1930 than it has to be today, the length of the cast is staggering; and the company includes any number of amusingly talkative women and restless children, all well cast and sensitively directed.

As imaginative theatre, "The Green Pastures" is a masterpiece. But it has spiritual qualities that go further than that. It is the story of mankind in the form of an ancient and wonderful legend. We all have a stake in the simple truths it puts into the mouths of its children.

"THE GREEN PASTURES"

Revival of the comedy by Marc Connelly; staged by Mr. Connelly; settings by Robert Edmond Jones; choir directed by Hall Johnston; presented by the Wigreen Company in association with Harry Fromkes at the Broadway Theatre, March 15, 1951. The cast:

Mr. Deshee; Moses	John Marriott
Myrtle	Joyce Gissentanner
First Boy	Philip Hepburn
Second Boy	Pierre Dillard
Randolph	Ernest Bloomfield
Carlisle	Philip Brinson
Aaron	William Veasey
A Voice	William McDaniel
Second Cook	Alma L. Hubbard
First Man Angel	Avon Long
First Mammy Angel	Ethel Purnello
A Stout Angel	Anna Mae Richardson
A Slender Angel	Margaret Williams
Archangel	William O. Davis
Teacher Angel	Courtenaye Olden
Gabriel	Ossie Davis
The Lawd	William Marshall
Choir Leader	Rodger Alford
Custard Maker	James Fuller
Adam; Hezdrel	William Dillard
Eve	Milroy Ingram
Cain; Joshua	Van Prince
Zeba	Vinie Burrows
Noah	Alonzo Bosan
Shem	Robert McFerrin
Third Woman	Tina Marshall
First Man	John Bouie
Flatfoot	Randolph Sawyer
Japheth	George Royston
Corporal	Calvin Dash

DAILY NEWS

March 16, 1951

Things Are Much Better Now, for 'The Green Pastures' Is On Again

By JOHN CHAPMAN

There is a powerful lot of sinning going on in this world, but it seems a better place now that "The Green Pastures" has come back. The magic, the majesty, the tenderness and the humor of this, the great American folk play, were still in it when it came to the big stage of the Broadway Theatre last evening, more than 20 years after it put its spell upon its first New York audience.

The new production, directed by Marc Connelly and set by Robert Edmond Jones, is a fine one and faithful to the original. There is splendor in the playing of God by William Marshall, a man of fine stature and commanding voice who possesses all the dignity, authority and gentleness that the part demands. With him is an immense company ranging in importance from flea-sized cherubs to the Angel Gabriel himself.

Fifteen years have passed since this city last saw "The Green Pastures" with the late Richard B. Harrison as De Lawd—time enough, the way the theatre counts time, for two new generations of playgoers to have come up. But even these new generations, which have not yet seen the play, must know all about it, for it is so great a part of our stage lore.

Starts With a Fish Fry.

They must know that Mr. Connelly fashioned the play from Roark Bradford's Negro tales of the Bible, "Ol' Man Adam an' His Chillun." They must know that it starts with Mr. Deshee, a Louisiana Sunday school teacher, telling his class of children stories of the Bible in his own words. The story of God visiting a Heavenly fish fry, accepting a ten-cent see-gar, sampling some boiled custard and declaring that the custard needs some more firmament. And how he r'ared back and passed a miracle and created a whole mess of firmament and the earth to drain it off into. And how he liked the looks of the earth and put Man down there to work it.

An Admirable Big Cast.

They are timeless stories, as they tell of God walking the earth like a natural man and finding that Man hasn't worked out quite right, and on the stage of the Broadway they are beautifully acted and spectacularly presented. And, as it should always be, they are accompanied and illustrated by the fine voices of a new Hall Johnson choir.

The high point of humor in "The Green Pastures" is the visit of God to Noah and Noah's subsequent voyage in the Ark. As Noah, old Alonso Bosan is a treasure among treasures. The most beautiful and most touching scene is, to me, the journey of Moses and his people toward the Promised Land. Here is another fine performance, with John Marriott as Moses. (Mr. Marriott also doubles delightfully as Mr. Deshee.)

Among others who should be applauded are Ossie Davis as the Angel Gabriel, Avon Long in several roles, including that of head magician in Pharaoh's court; William Veasey as Aaron, John Bouie as Pharaoh and Vinnie Burrows as a jazz-mad strumpet.

"The Green Pastures" is a work of great beauty. I would not for anything, give up my memory of its first production even if I could—but I envy those many new playgoers who now can see it for the first time and who can, for the first time, laugh and weep as they discover with William Marshall that "even bein' God ain't no bed or roses."

NEW YORK Herald Tribune

March 16, 1951

By OTIS L. GUERNSEY Jr.

The Fields Are Still Verdant

A SUNDAY school child's eye view of Old Testament heaven and earth is filled with a gentle and attractive humor in a revival production of "The Green Pastures" at the Broadway Theater. This Marc Connelly dramatization of sketches by Roark Bradford, with its all-Negro cast dominated by De Lawd himself, has returned to the scene of its former triumph with the angels, archangels, prophets and sinners coming to fanciful life for the benefit of a new group of theatergoers. In it William Marshall, playing Jehovah with a mellow dignity, leads this colloquial heavenly host in measures of wonder and delight. Its overtones of pathos are somewhat muffled in this version, but on the whole "The Green Pastures" should not disappoint old acquaintances and should captivate new ones.

• • •

Under Connelly's own direction, the revival is at its best when it is most a folk tale translating old character symbols into modern equivalents. The two cleaning-woman angels with their calico-covered wings are, for instance, more successful figures than the noble young warrior Hezrel; and De Lawd's simple office with its window overlooking earth a happier setting than the dim impressionistic Eden. It is the simple, familiar transpositions of everything from an antic, fuzzy-winged cherub to bearded Abraham that cause "The Green Pastures" to radiate a unique charm down through the years. The imagination that saw heaven as a perpetual fish fry and Babylon as a night club is burning as bright as ever in this show.

Marshall gives a commanding performance as De Lawd in a composite of solemn bearing, granite features and a powerful voice that shakes the hearts of the wicked in tones that are almost musical. He keeps just a touch of the awe-inspiring country preacher in his performance, and, with a young face and gray hair, he has an ageless appearance that goes well with the role. Like the show itself, he is at his best in closest contact with human analogy. For this same reason Noah, as played by Alonzo Bosan in an engaging parody of a frustrated old parson knee-deep in sin, is one of the most colorful figures in the revival. His argument with De Lawd over how much liquor to take on the Ark is a highlight of "The Green Pastures," a fable which reduces the celestial hierarchy to the dimensions of country folk and is most attractive when it is most intimate.

• • •

One cannot do justice in a short space to the enormous cast of this production, whose performers include the choir directed by Hall Johnson singing twenty-four hymns and folk songs both on stage and off. The most impressive assistance through the seventeen scenes was offered in the vignettes provided by Margaret Williams as a heavenly gossip, Avon Long personifying wickedness in a pair of roles, Ossie Davis as the devoted Gabriel who eyes his horn longingly, Vinie Burrows as temptation before the Flood and John Boule as Pharaoh. The Robert Edmond Jones sets are symbolic patterns, most of them hazed by a scrim. Connelly's most forceful mass effect is the shadowy Exodus, and, throughout, he deals more adroitly with warmth than with might. "The Green Pastures" has survived most hazards of rose-colored memory in a happy reunion with Broadway.

Daily Mirror

March 16, 1951

'Green Pastures' Proves A Delightful Revival

By ROBERT COLEMAN

The Wigreen Company and Harry Fromkes revived Marc Connelly's "The Green Pastures" at the Broadway Theatre last evening. When it first opened here 21 years ago, there were a few playgoers who thought that it might add to the author's prestige, but not his bank account. It just wasn't commercial. So it grossed a few million dollars in five years throughout the country.

Marc Connelly based his fable on Roark Bradford's "Ol' Man Adam an' His Chillun." It opens, as you may recall, with an earnest Negro preacher explaining the Bible to his Sunday School class. He tells them in simple, moving and graphic language of how De Lawd came to fashion the earth and create man, of his disappointments with his sinful people, of the Flood, of the Exodus from Egypt, the Babylonian captivity and redemption.

Who can forget that angelic Fish Fry, with De Lawd passing a miracle, making too much firmament and draining it off on the Earth? With Gabriel handing out 10-cent cigars, and a matronly angel knitting a sweater with wings for a cherub? Who can forget its gentle humor and its unwavering faith? It moved multitudes and won Connelly a Pulitzer Prize.

The current production is admirable. There are the imaginative Robert Edmond Jones settings and that wonderful Hall Johnson choir. The elaborate treadmill is back, too, permitting effective ensemble movement.

Richard B. Harrison was magnificent as De Lawd, playing the role for five years and dying during the return New York engagement in 1935. It was not easy to replace him. But, in William Marshall, dramatist-director Connelly found a worthy successor. Marshall has a big and eloquent voice, a towering and impressive frame. He acts the great role with dignity and reverence.

Others outstanding in the cast are John Marriott, Alonzo Bosan, Avon Long, John Boule, Van Prince, William Dillard, Ossie Davis, Alma L. Hubbard, Vinie Burrows and Anna Mae Richardson.

It is good to have "The Green Pastures" back with us. It is an excellent antidote for the Kefauver Committee revelations. It makes you believe there's some hope for the world. And you're a real mean critter if you fail to leave the Broadway without wanting to be a better citizen.

Is it still commercial? We don't know and we don't care. But it offers a delightful evening in the theatre. We loved every minute of it. If you've seen it before, you certainly will want to see it again. And if you've never shared its innocent pleasures, then we urge you to do so.

Journal American

March 16, 1951

Marshall Inspiring In Timeless Drama

By JOHN McCLAIN

"The Green Pastures" has long since proven itself throughout most of the English-speaking world as a fable of such simplicity and durability that it is only a question of how well it will be produced and when.

Last night it was given the full treatment at the Broadway Theatre with the author, Marc Connelly, directing, a brilliant new cast in possession of the proceedings and Robert Edmond Jones, the original designer, exceeding his efforts of twenty-odd years ago.

The tale is as timeless as its source which, by a strange coincidence, is the Bible. It is the story a Negro preacher tells to his Sunday school class—his own human and heartening conception of the creation of earth, the origin of man, and the endless travail which this wrought upon the Creator.

• • •

Lot of Spirituals

While this is unfolded the Hall Johnson choir renders every spiritual you ever heard, the nice people in the festivities are the most warm and naive and sympathetic you've ever seen, and you must come away with an urge to run, not walk, to the nearest church.

It is difficult to imagine a formula which could survive more convolutions of an erratic world.

The play centers largely around the part of De Lawd, played originally by the late Richard B. Harrison for more than five years, and now entrusted to William Marshall, who was discovered after a long search right here on Broadway in "Peter Pan.'"

I think Mr. Marshall has an inspiring presence, a suitably profound manner and a rich deep voice, but I found it difficult at times to understand him. This may be due to an emphasis of the so-called Negro dialect which has been imposed upon the entire cast and which, I am sure, is native to very few of its members.

• • •

Likes John Marriott

Comparing Marshall with Harrison, who created the part, one would have to decide in favor of the latter. But he was sixty-five at the time he undertook the assignment and, as the years went by, acquired an association with the role which nearly surpassed the realm of

acting. For this generation, and my money, Marshall is magnificent.

Among the supporting actors I liked John Marriot, who plays the Sunday school teacher and, later, Moses: Alonzo Bosan, as Noah: Ossie Davis, a gay and beguiling Gabriel; Anna Mae Richardson, as an angel cleaning woman, and John Boule as Pharoah.

"The Green Pastures" very nearly approaches the status of a contemporary classic; it is a sermon which is powerful in its lack of pretention.

And you don't have to wait until Sunday.

New York Post
HOME NEWS

March 16, 1951

By Richard Watts Jr.

The Return of 'The Green Pastures'

"The Green Pastures" is, of course, one of the classics of the American drama, a tender, loving and deeply touching play, at once devout and gently humorous, telling in terms of Negro folk lore the Old Testament chronicle of the Lord and the weak human beings of a sinful world. It was a sensation when it was first unveiled in the winter of 1930, and, if anything, it has grown in the national esteem since then. Twenty-one years later, once more staged by Marc Connelly, its author, it has been revived for a day that has not exactly increased in spiritual dignity, and it still retains its qualities of sweetness and wonder.

That it faces grave problems in its current presentation, I could no more deny than I would conceal my impression that last night it lacked some of the emotional impact that greeted its unsuspecting first audience on the memorable evening of February 26, 1930. For one thing, the Broadway Theater, where it is currently housed, is by no means the perfect setting for it. A vast and barnlike structure, originally built, I believe, as a movie temple, the Broadway is so large in both its stage and its auditorium that the tender simplicity, which is the greatest virtue of "The Green Pastures," is considerably handicapped.

Then, too, there is the tremendous problem of its central role. There never was a more breathtaking or more perilous entrance cue for a leading actor than Gabriel's cry of "Gangway for De Lord Gawd Jehovah!" and never did a performer meet its challenge more gloriously than the late Richard B. Harrison, the benign and magnificent old gentleman who created the role that unforgettable evening so long ago. Mr. Harrison seemed sheer perfection in the part, and it was nothing short of heroic of the youthful actor named William Marshall to step into his shoes. I think Mr. Marshall faced his ordeal remarkably well.

He is, fortunately, a splendid figure of a man, tall, impressive and handsome, with a commanding presence and a fine, rich voice, and he manages his tremendous assignment with force and understanding. Yet I can't help feeling that he is faced with a handicap that is, unfairly, more psychological than artistic. It is in the matter of his comparative youth, which even an effective makeup cannot quite conceal. Almost subconsciously, it is a little difficult to accept in the role of the Lord God Jehovah a man who is lacking in the mellow years that gave such beautiful benignity to Mr. Harrison, even though Mr. Marshall is effective.

Supporting Cast

Obviously the other actors in the cast have jobs which, by comparison, are of the utmost simplicity, and there are several excellent performances. Ossie Davis, for example, is one of the best young actors on the American stage, and he is a splendid Gabriel. Alonzo Bosan, too, is first-rate as Noah, and so is John Marriott as Mr. Deshee, the old preacher who sets the mood of the play in the opening scene. I miss Daniel L. Haynes, who brought such eloquence to the role of Hezdrel, who is so important to the final episode in which Mr. Connelly goes in for his own interesting biblical Apocrypha.

Even though "The Green Pastures" does seem to lack some of the spiritual loveliness that it had in its original production, I repeat that it remains a dramatic work of unusual beauty and worth. The scene where the followers of the dying Moses pat him on the back as they leave him to enter the Promised Land remains one of the most touching in dramatic literature, and, throughout the play, there is a quality of reverent tenderness, simplicity and gentle humor that is of a very special kind. It is a work that has added dignity to American dramatic writing.

New York World-Telegram and The Sun

March 16, 1951

'Green Pastures' Delightful Play

By WILLIAM HAWKINS.

Type—Religious pageant.
Subject—Old Testament.
Is—American folklore.

"The Green Pastures" is quite distinct from modern theater. It goes back toward the early miracle plays, which started in the Church and were the forerunners of all forms of our drama.

Between 1930 and '35 the play ran continuously, touring the country, then returning to Manhattan before it finally closed. So to most people it is an old, cherished friend, and only the younger generation can discover it.

The play has no conventional form, as we think of comedies or dramas. It is the story of the Lord and His Angels and His people, as seen through the eyes of the devout Southern Negro. Probably no other people on earth has quite the same humor and imagination, and much of this is caught in Marc Connelly's play from the book "Ol' Man Adam an' His Chillun" by Roark Bradford.

Series of Tableaux.

The story of the Lord's creation of the Earth and Man, and His long fight against Man's evil, is told in a series of tableaux, often accompanied by the lovely spirituals of the Hall Johnson choir. The music is also heard between scenes.

Opening in a Sunday school, the fable moves on to a Fish Fry in Heaven. There the Lord decides to create the earth to drain off the Firmament He ordered for the custard.

In brief interludes we watch Adam and Eve, then Cain and Abel. Before long Noah is selected as the sole survivor of a wicked world, and the Flood takes care of the rest.

The second half of the play tells more of the Lord's struggle with Man's evil. Moses overcomes Pharaoh and leads his people to Canaan.

Sin in Babylon.

Before long there is the old, familiar trouble with sin in Babylon. The Lord renounces His people, until He hears of their faith that mercy can be found through suffering. Then by an echo of the Crucifixion, the Lord of Vengeance and Wrath is turned into a God of Mercy.

For this new production of "The Green Pastures," a worthy Lord has been found in William Marshall. He is an enormous and imposing man, with a fine voice and the ability to suggest quiet gentleness as well as unconquerable strength.

Dual Roles.

Many of the other actors play dual parts, and most of them seem fine. John Marriott is the Preacher who starts the whole play with his Biblical lesson to the children, and is also Moses. Avon Long appears several times, at his showy best as the King of Babylon.

One of the most winning performances of the year is that of Alonzo Bosan as Noah, and later on he appears as Abraham as well. William Dillard makes telling appearances, as Adam and later as Hezdrel. Ossie Davis' Gabriel is perfection.

The ladies are more difficult to identify, but Vinie Burrows and Alma L. Hubbard make strong impressions.

There are delightful touches through the play, such as the moment when the littlest Angel, with maribou-trimmed wings, suddenly swings on the Lord's arm as if it were the branch of a mighty tree.

Fanciful Moments.

Then there are the unforgettable moments, such as the cry, "Gangway for the Lord God Jehovah!" or the Lord's indignant question, "Admit I'm licked?" There are lovely fanciful ideas in the play, too, such as the moon's melting around the edges because the Angels beat their wings so hard when they fly over there on Saturday nights.

It may be quibbling, but I could wish some of the action was a little faster, and some of the waits between scenes shorter. If there was an over-all quality missing at the premiere, it was in the company not seeming to enjoy itself as much as it ought to. I recall the earlier production as brimming with contagious pleasure, and I hope this company quickly achieves that state of mind.

"Springtime for Henry"

NEW YORK
Herald Tribune
March 15, 1951

By **OTIS L. GUERNSEY Jr.**

Spring Comes to Town

EDWARD EVERETT HORTON has finally given Broadway a chance to see what he has been up to these past eighteen years; and Broadway should get a lot of laughs out of a performance that has been seen in almost as many places as there are summer barns or local playhouses. As everyone knows, his vehicle is the Benn W. Levy farce "Springtime for Henry," and it is almost a part of the joke that he is making his local "debut" in the leading role. Surrounded by three other expert players in this four-character charade in a 1911 drawing room, he makes himself ingratiatingly at home behind the line of jonquils which cover the footlights at the Golden Theater. Of course the script dates just a little, in language and subject matter. The point is that Horton does not; and, among his peers, he is something to behold and enjoy.

* * *

We have become accustomed to seeing such plays as "Springtime for Henry" presented in the precise stylization of comic nostalgia. Not so with this revival; Horton's own style, developed over so long a period, dominates any attempt to design this show in the classic attitudes and diction of a parasol-and-picture-hat comedy. Playing a rake who reforms and then casts reform aside in a mock horror of the sorrow it has cost himself and his friends, Horton is his unique self as he conducts his sly woolings and, throughout, screws his features into a wide variety of evasive or inviting leers. He fumbles the dialogue for deliberate emphasis when he wants to, and he can also deliver it with an edge. Pettish, self-righteous or woeful, he is almost always funny.

* * *

Under the direction of Harald Bromley, the other members of the cast retain to some extent the style which Horton casts aside. Haila Stoddard, as the wife of Henry's best friend, gravitates toward Henry's bedroom with the unwavering poise of a lady taking a stroll in a fashionable park. Hugh Wakefield strides through the parlor as her husband, muttering conciliations and making the most of his own palmy days. Ursula Howells is the pretty secretary who inspires Henry to "do the decent thing," a picture of demure hypocrisy. As a trio, they give a sense of belonging both to the period and to the orbit of the Hortonian Henry, two environments that are not always the same but which do not clash to any damaging extent.

* * *

The play itself seems rather slight, particularly as it dwells in near-static gravity upon Henry's temporary reform. Its measured phrases contain few direct quips, and the chuckles seep through the performances in an almost languid manner. The set, by H. A. Condell, represents a bachelor's sitting room, with symbols of both decay and reform, depending upon the circumstances, and David Ffolkes has designed some elegant costumes for the ladies. Produced by Mr. Bromley, George Brandt and Richard Doscher, "Springtime for Henry" presents an old friend to a New York public which, if not entirely new, is seeing him for the first time so close to home. Mr. Horton's Henry is a country gentlemen who deserves a welcome at his town house.

"SPRINGTIME FOR HENRY"

Play by Benn W. Levy; staged by Harald Bromley; settings by H. A. Condell; costumes by David Ffolkes; presented by Mr. Bromley and George Brandt in association with Richard Doscher at the John Golden Theatre, March 14, 1951. The cast:

Mr. Dewlip.....
Edward Everett Horton
Mr. Jelliwell...Hugh Wakefield
Mrs. Jelliwell...Haila Stoddard
Miss Smith.....Ursula Howells

New York Post
HOME NEWS
March 15, 1951

By Richard Watts Jr.

Unhappy Return of Henry Dewlip

For almost tweny years, Edward Everett Horton has been prowling up and down the land, making quite a profitable career out of playing the leading role in Benn W. Levy's "Springtime for Henry." Then, last night at the John Golden Theater, Mr. Horton and his associates bravely brought the four-character play back to New York, where it was first seen in 1931—then without Mr. Horton—and it is my gloomy verdict that what has been described as an "indestructible" comedy proved to be highly destructible.

My recollection is that those of us who saw "Springtime For Henry" in those faraway days, when Leslie Banks, Nigel Bruce, Helen Chandler and Frieda Inescourt were enacting its four roles, would have given you impressive odds against the likelihood that it would be revived twenty years later. That it has survived, and has been a profitable theatrical property all over the country, in season and out, indicates a latent entertainment quality in the play, and in Mr. Horton's performance, which, I must confess, was invisible to me last night.

Mr. Horton

I suppose the cream of the jest is that Mr. Horton is playing a dashing and disreputable rake, a part which, to say the least, is casting against type. But the joke struck me as wearing pretty thin with considerable haste. Mr. Horton is a technically proficient comedian, who knows most of the tricks of his trade, but, to my mind, there is surprisingly little in the way of warm and winning humor bubbling out of him, and, although he works with notable diligence and determination, his Henry Dewlip ends by being more trying than hilarious.

As for the play, its survival qualities eluded me completely last night. There are certain comic possibilities in the idea that the prim, priggish and highly moral secretary, who rescues Henry Dewlip from a life of sin, turns out to be a widow who has slain her unfaithful French husband, but it seemed to me that not much was made of them. There is a running gag about how she "shot him in the Touraine," but I can't say that it grew in hilarity by repetition.

Unexpected End

Possibly there is a delicious sophistication in the unexpected manner in which the two couples in the story pair off in the end, but, if so, it, too, escaped me. Throughout the evening, a valiant attempt is made to maintain a light and gayly bantering air about sex and its problems, but there isn't much that is light or gay about either the writing or the playing. Nor do I find anything gained by making "Springtime for Henry" a period piece laid in 1911.

I don't remember a great deal about the original production, save that Nigel Bruce, who had a long movie career as Sherlock Holmes' Dr. Watson, was a delight as Henry's friend and antagonist, Mr. Jelliwell. Hugh Wakefield, who is the current Mr. Jelliwell—Playwright Levy must have thought those names were awfully funny—hasn't Mr. Bruce's success in the part. Haila Stoddard, as Mrs. Jelliwell, and Ursula Howells, as the secretary, are at least decorative. I fear that such a valuable but fragile property as "Springtime for Henry" should have been kept out of unappreciative Manhattan.

The New York Times

March 15, 1951

Edward Everett Horton Plays 'Springtime for Henry,' the Old Farce by Benn Levy

By BROOKS ATKINSON

After playing "Springtime for Henry" for eighteen years throughout the rest of the country, Edward Everett Horton has finally brought it to New York, which adjoins America closely. He and three other actors opened in the Benn W. Levy farce at the John Golden Theatre last evening. It was a hilariously impudent piece of writing when it first turned up with the original cast twenty years ago. With Mr. Horton moving through it in a resentful daze, it is still a funny antic and the most skillful farce written in English for many years.

There are two aspects to the impudence of "Springtime for Henry." In the first place, it makes virtue odious; it turns the accepted moral values upside down. In the second place, only an impudent playwright would dare write a full-length play out of so little material. There are only four characters, and most of the play is composed of inconsequential duologues.

* * *

Beginning with the formal situation of a dissolute bachelor and a prudish secretary, Mr. Levy goes straight through the evening with impeccable logic and without cracking any jokes. There is a mischevious twinkle in his eye, but he never takes his tongue out of his cheek. This is the story of a happy libertine who reforms because his secretary is a great admirer of "the decent thing." It is perfectly obvious to anyone that, at least in this instance, reform is a disastrous thing. It is insincere and it wrecks the happiness of everyone concerned.

Given the original premise, Mr. Levy develops the theme with a light touch and with perfect reason. "Springtime for Henry" may be thin, but that is part of the joke. Writing with the skill of a solemn philosopher, Mr. Levy has made a wonderful prank out of nothing.

Memories of a performance twenty years ago are not especially reliable. But it does seem as though the original performance were drier and brisker, and the acting more comically glum. Nigel Bruce and Leslie Banks played as though they never suspected they were being funny. They were taciturn and irascible. They regarded each other with well-bred hostility. Well-bred Englishmen can insult each other with a perfect sense of decorum and without any sign of human emotion. It is a high art that has to be studied industriously. If memory serves, Mr. Bruce and Mr. Banks were funnier because they were thoroughly annoyed.

Mr. Horton is more genial, and so is Hugh Wakefield as his best friend. From the social point of view this is commendable, but it is not so funny in "Springtime For Henry" where the surly temper of gentlemen is more provocative. But Mr. Horton is a shrewd, quizzical comedian who knows his way around the script, and he is likely to take your mind off your troubles.

Mr. Wakefield is a practised farceur. As the high-minded secretary, Ursula Howells gives a droll performance. Looking particularly ravishing in new costumes by David Ffolkes, Haila Stoddard is enjoyably unscrupulous as the wayward wife of Henry's dearest friend. The single setting, by H. A. Condell, conveys the dingy disorder of Henry's life, which has now been put back to 1911, which Mr. Levy regards as a safely unreal period.

No one would believe that Henry could be so careless in a contemporary setting. You have to go back in history for the kind of irresponsibility that is crackbrained and uproarious.

Journal American

March 15, 1951

Play Not Enhanced By Passage of Time

By JOHN McCLAIN

After 18 successful years trouping through the sticks with "Springtime For Henry," Edward Everett Horton last night brought it to Broadway and the John Golden Theatre. I'm afraid he should have stood in Bridgeport.

This Benn W. Levy comedy, which had a mild run here in 1931, has certainly not been enhanced by the passage of time, but it is difficult to imagine why the meagre situation and tired lines could have been thought worthy of perpetuity in the first place.

Mr. Horton is master of a certain type of acting—not my type exactly—but effective none-the-less, and I suppose the part of Henry fits his talents as well as any other ready-made property he could find in 1932, when he started out with it.

It gives him an opportunity to be coy and bashful, to wear a wet suit of tails, and to deliver the most elaborate doubletake seen hereabouts this season.

But the story is so infantile and unbelievable as to be at times almost embarrassing. In the dialogue one finds the humor represented in long-forgotten lines like:

He: Why didn't you tell me you were a murderess?

She: You never asked me.

There is an endless consideration of how John pinched Henry's behind when they were in the third form year at prep school, and a lengthy preoccupation with somebody's statement that she shot her husband in "the Touraine." That gives you some idea.

On the other hand, there are moments when you laugh heartily at Mr. Horton's antics, such as the short scene which he happily plays entirely in pantomime.

I thought Haila Stoddard did not make over-much of her sorry part, nor did Hugh Wakefield, strive as he might.

Ursula Howells, a British import appearing for the first time, gave an excellent performance as the stiff-backed secretary who endeavors to reform Henry. But again the words were thankless.

It would be nice to think that Mr. Horton could wind up his 18 years with "Henry" in a successful Broadway run, but I'm afeared it will not be thus.

Daily Mirror

March 15, 1951

'Springtime for Henry' Has Plenty of Chuckles

By ROBERT COLEMAN

Edward Everett Horton has been playing "Springtime for Henry" in Summer stock and on tour since 1932. So it was about time for Broadway to see the performance that has earned him a sizable fortune and thousands of favorable notices. The farce duly arrived at the John Golden Theatre last evening, with Harald Bromley, George Brandt and Richard Doscher as its sponsors.

When "Springtime" was first presented here, back in 1931, it was done in a contemporaneous setting. Now it has been pegged back to March, 1911, permitting H. A. Condell to provide a suitably garish setting and David Ffolkes some period costumes. Incidentally, the producers have decked out the theatre with a springy floral display, and installed a string orchestra to supply mood music.

In revival, the Benn W. Levy script doesn't seem as consistently amusing as it did when Nigel Bruce, Leslie Banks, Freida Inescort and Helen Chandler were sparking it at the Bijou. This light-hearted, tongue-in-cheek laugh-provoker about the aging roue who gives up his bad habits and worse companions after falling in love with a prudish secretary, only to suffer a relapse, is being interpreted too much as sophisticated comedy rather than rollicking farce.

Star Horton and Hugh Wakefield seemed a little nervous during the early episodes last night. Their timing impressed us as being off. We think you're going to see a better show by the time you catch it. Haila Stoddard is stunning as the friend's wife with whom Henry has an affair, and Ursula Howells quite attractive as the prim widow (with a sensational past) who almost succeeds in reforming him.

Horton is a master at the double take and at lending an illusion of mock indignation in comic situations. His owlish look of amazement when frustrated has become a much imitated trademark. We think that when he, Wakefield and the Misses Stoddard and Howells have settled down into their roles here in New York, "Springtime for Henry" will be a much funnier show than it was at the premiere.

It offered plenty of chuckles last evening, but they came at too widely spaced intervals. However, we suspect a lot of loyal Horton fans are going to want to howling over during the season of 1931.

New York World-Telegram and The Sun

March 15, 1951

It's Springtime Always for Henry

By WILLIAM HAWKINS.

Type—Comedy.
Topic—Romance.
I find it—Very light.

If there is anyone left in America who has not seen Edward Everett Horton in "Springtime for Henry," all he has to do is check in at the John Golden Theater.

During the numerous years that Mr. Horton has been consistently adding to his idolatrous moving picture public, he has played "Henry" off and on for almost two decades. You might as well face that fact that it was clearly interest in him rather than the brilliance of his vehicle that made this record possible.

The play seems remarkably light these days, though it probably was considered original and daring when first done. Now it is joyous solely by virtue of the chances it gives Mr. Horton.

An Agreeable Roue.

To pursue this idea a step further. Mr. Horton is at his best when he is interpreting a scene in a riot of smirking self-satisfaction, or playing in pantomime with those singularly individual gestures and facial expressions of his.

Henry is an agreeable sort of roue, training his sights on the beautiful wife of his willing best friend. Into his life comes a new secretary who shortly reforms him and dulls his desire for women, gambling and liquor.

The young lady is a delicate charmer who likes "the decent thing." It is her standards which lead Henry's mother to spend a night in jail when he sends his gambling friends to do their gaming at her house.

But even this is not so disconcerting as the revelation that the upright stenographer is a notorious murderess. This is too much for Henry, but not for his friend. So Henry winds up with the same beauty he was trolling for in the first place.

I had quite unfairly assumed that Mr. Horton would play all this as the most athletic kind of farce. On the contrary, he acts it quietly and simply. When there is really something for him to be funny about, he is riotous.

Typical of Mr. Horton's best efforts is the final solution of what plot there is. In rather a long speech he explains to the assembled characters his real reaction to life at the hands of his new secretary. This pronouncement is made while he is solemnly wrapped up in a knitted, rose-colored counterpane.

Dazzling Gowns.

Haila Stoddard is dazzling in sensational period gowns, and Hugh Wakefield is agreeably lightheaded as her husband. Ursula Howells has plenty of charm and assurance in her American debut as the stenographer.

H. A. Condell has provided an interesting and luxurious-looking set for Henry's bachelor quarters, and David Ffolkes has designed some luscious gowns for Henry's girls.

DAILY NEWS

March 15, 1951

'Springtime for Henry' a Hoked-Up Period Piece, and So's E. E. Horton

By JOHN CHAPMAN

After 18 years—off and on—of playing his version of "Springtime for Henry" in Summer theatres and along hinterland Rialtos, Edward Everett Horton dropped in on the John Golden Theatre, New York, last evening. He is none the worse for wear, but Benn W. Levy's comedy may be.

Horton is a droll and amiable fellow. His technique is to drop his lines, rather than to push them, and to take plenty of time for what he wants to do. In a great many years of Hollywood mugging he has mastered a large amount of visual comedy and he uses it to best advantage. I like him very much.

Edward Everett is no dope. He has made a good thing of "Springtime for Henry" and apparently has never lacked an audience. He figures that audiences are pretty much the same anywhere, so why shouldn't Broadway, too, go for a frankly slight and extravagantly hoked-up conversation piece? He has indicated that he doesn't care much what the critics may say, but hopes that audiences will find the play by themselves. I, for one, think this is a sensible attitude and am willing to offer him and venturesome playgoers mild encouragement.

Miss Stoddard a Beauty.

I remember the first production of "Springtime for Henry," with Leslie Banks and Nigel Bruce—way back in 1931—as a rather crisply played bit of British nonsense. Mr. Horton seems to have altered it and now it is broadly played—and he has disarmed any criticism of its quaintness by setting it in 1911. Its plot is nothing to speak of and never was, being merely something about two London gents being on the make for two young women.

The year 1911 was a goshawful period in interior decoration and H. A. Condell has made an amusing setting for Mr. Horton. David Ffolkes, the costume designer, has attended to the exterior decoration of the two ladies in the play, Haila Stoddard and Ursula Howells. Miss Stoddard has always been beautiful, but she never looked beautifuller than she did last evening—and she is a very good comedienne, besides. Miss Howells, a Londoner, makes an attractive Broadway debut as a prim secretary who has hired out to Mr. Horton. Another Londoner, Hugh Wakefield, completes the quartet of actors.

"Romeo and Juliet"

Journal American

March 12, 1951

Impressively Done And Should Be Seen

BY JOHN McCLAIN

The Bard returned to Broadway once more this season, to the Broadhurst Theatre on Saturday night with a lavish and luxuriant production of "Romeo and Juliet" starring Olivia de Havilland. It is the biggest and prettiest R. & J. seen in these parts in our time or probably anywhere else, ever; it has a highly luminous cast and the direction is strikingly different and diverting.

But I thought Miss de Havilland was too overburdened with sweetness and somewhat lacking in the authority that long stage experience lends to such efforts. She is ravishingly beautiful all the way, and in the early scenes when she is supposed to be young and unawakened the dulcet voice and shy bearing are an asset.

In the second act, however, I felt that she was tried beyond her limits in the deeply emotional moments of the more mature Juliet.

In the scene in which she is preparing to take the knockout drops, for example, it seemed to me that she substituted a rather shrill delivery for the less demonstrative projection her elder sisters have employed before her.

This may be due partly to the fact that the staging required her to leave her bedroom and play most of the scene almost on the apron of the stage. Again it may be because she has not, simply, put in those long years before an audience which produce the required confidence.

• • •

Hawkins Hailed

Jack Hawkins, as Mercutio, can take his place with the best I've seen—not excluding John Barrymore. He brings unusual strength to the role of Romeo's pal and in this version—apparently unexpurgated—he has an opportunity for more comedy, some of it slightly embarrassing, than the part usually carries.

Douglas Watson, who plays Romeo, delivers the proper amount of gentleness to match Miss de Havilland in the love scenes without destroying his masculinity for the moments of male combat. I think he has an excellent voice, and the pleasant ability not to over-act when the temptation must have been almost overpowering.

The principal supporting players, Evelyn Varden (Juliet's maid); Malcolm Keen (Capulet); James Hayter (Friar), and Isobel Elson (Lady Capulet) have been around for years, in and out of Shakespeare, and together they lend the proceedings that atmosphere of true professionalism that is so important to a production of such proportions—and is infrequently found outside of Madison Square Garden.

I also liked particularly William Smithers, as Tybalt; Michael Higgins, as Benvolio, and Robert Duke as Paris.

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A Show to See

There will probably be some controversy about the direction which, as I say, is unorthodox. But there can hardly be any question about the eminence of Oliver Messel's stately and ingenious sets and his colorful costumes.

Miss de Havilland to the contrary notwithstanding, and I can be wrong about her, too, this is a show everybody should see. You may one day see a greater Juliet, but I doubt that you'll ever see a more impressive production.

"ROMEO AND JULIET"

Play by William Shakespeare; staged by Peter Glenville; settings and costumes by Oliver Messel; presented by Dwight Deere Wiman Productions at the Broadhurst Theatre, March 10, 1951. The cast:

Escalus.....Gregory Morton
Paris.....Robert Duke
Montague.....Herbert Ransom
Capulet.....Malcolm Keen
An Old Man.....John McKee
Romeo.....Douglas Watson
Mercutio.....Jack Hawkins
Benvolio.....William Smithers
Friar Laurence..James Hayter
Friar John.....Carl Harbord
Balthasar.....Karl Light
Sampson.....Buck Kartalian
Gregory.....Rudy Bond
Peter.....Jack Fletcher
Abraham.....John Perkins
An Apothecary.....Paul Genge
Page to Paris....Page Johnson
Watchman.....Alan Furlan
Lady Montague..Dorothy Patten
Lady Capulet.....Isobel Elsom
Juliet.....Olivia de Haviland
Nurse to Juliet..Evelyn Varden

New York Post
HOME NEWS

March 12, 1951

By Richard Watts Jr.

Juliet and Olivia De Havilland

The Olivia De Havilland production of "Romeo and Juliet," which opened at the Broadhurst Theater Saturday night, is a handsome, vigorous, clear-spoken presentation of the classic love tragedy, in which, unfortunately, the least satisfying feature is Miss De Havilland's performance. It is not that the celebrated screen star is by any means a disaster in her New York stage debut. Indeed, her Juliet is quite competent and, in several scenes, dramatically effective. It is merely that, in a generally talented company, she is not very interesting, not very lyric, and certainly not heartbreakingly moving in her portrayal.

I hope the impolite fact that Miss De Havilland is something of a disappointment will cause no one to overlook the several notable virtues of this "Romeo and Juliet." Under Peter Glenville's brisk direction and against Oliver Messel's effectively atmospheric background, the production moves smoothly and lucidly, telling the sad story of the famous star-crossed lovers with straightforward narrative skill and making it always interesting and alive, if sometimes at the cost of its poetic intensity. In addition, most of the performances are strikingly good, with some of the subordinate characters coming to life most unexpectedly.

Douglas Watson

The current presentation has, in particular, the advantage of an admirable Romeo in the person of a young actor of increasing excellence named Douglas Watson. Mr. Watson, who made such a favorable impression with Miss Cornell in "That Lady" and Miss Hayes in "The Wisteria Trees," is properly youthful, romantic, fiery, passionate and tender as the ill-fated Veronese, offering the most believable portrayal of this difficult part that I can remember. Jack Hawkins, in the compelling role of Mercutio, struck me as oddly ineffective in the great Queen Mab speech, but, after that, he was increasingly satisfying.

There are likewise several good performances in the lesser parts. That fine actress, Evelyn Varden, despite an occasional inarticulateness, was excellent as Juliet's nurse, particularly in the scene where she is telling her mistress of Romeo's plan for their marriage. William Smithers is an extremely good Tybalt, sinister, venemous and vindictive. Malcolm Keen brings violent old Capulet to life effectively, and such portrayals as the Friar Laurence of James Hayter and the clownish Peter of Jack Fletcher give an interest to the bit parts that is not always forthcoming in Shakespearean productions.

Juliet

As for Miss De Havilland, I repeat that her Juliet has its effective scenes, particularly in the second half of the play. But it is not, I fear, a distinguished performance. It lacks color, beauty and lyric excellence. It is not deeply tender or deeply moving. It certainly fails in tragic stature. I thought her efforts to make her voice seem girlish merely made it seem artificial and without loveliness, and, when she was crying out in terror at the thought of awakening in the tomb, it seemed for a moment that she was back in "The Snake Pit." Hers is an earnest and conscientious try, but not an inspired performance.

It is, I think, proper that the production of a Shakespearean play should remember that what is being performed is a living narrative that demands clarity and dramatic force. But the drama shouldn't be emphasized at the cost of the poetic magnificence. It is the weakness of this "Romeo and Juliet" that, while it tells its story effectively, it rarely sings, which is a grave loss in what is first of all a great love poem. Nevertheless, the present performance has commendable vitality and vigor. But Juliet, which taxes the most brilliant of actresses, puts too much of a demand on Miss De Havilland's stage inexperience.

NEW YORK Herald Tribune

March 12, 1951

By OTIS L. GUERNSEY Jr.

Hollow Tragedy

THE new revival of "Romeo and Juliet" at the Broadhurst is physically colorful but poetically and emotionally vapid. With Olivia de Havilland taking the long step from Hollywood for her Broadway debut as Juliet, the new show fingers the keys of Shakespeare's drama in appropriate volume changes but without the subtle modulations it demands. Here is a handsomely mounted, sometimes visually exciting production which has everything except the presence of a tragic love to fill its echoing galleries. Under Peter Glenville's direction Verona teems with intrigue while swords flash wickedly, but the theme is weakly acted in a weary ghost of passion.

* * *

Miss de Havilland's Juliet is an intense little creature, but her intensity comes and goes through her acting in a thin and mechanical ripple. Her performance is poorly paced; she reaches her height of feeling early, and she has nowhere to go thereafter except beyond controlled reality into wild and breathy protests. Her reading of Shakespeare's lines is erudite but insensitive; for instance, she has learned to say "fortune" with a hard T, and she clings to this pronunciation even when it is so unmusical as to approach burlesque. She is not conspicuous, however, in this fault; this cast has no lyrical experts to shadow her with contrast. There are a few interesting personalities moving through these events, but not one of them reflects the true glory of the poetry.

* * *

The Tybalt of William Smithers is the most striking characterization of the piece, a dandified, punctilious sadist whose duel with Romeo is one of the best stage fights seen in many a day. James Hayter makes Friar Laurence a likable, understanding fellow. As always, Mercutio is the best part, and Jack Hawkins describes Queen Mab and dies cursing both the warring houses in a performance which is satisfactory with flashes of distinction. Douglas Watson's Romeo is full of bravado and high spirits, a young man-about-town equal to almost anything except a great tragic emotion. Evelyn Varden makes a broad-beamed busybody of the nurse, and Jack Fletcher is properly clownish as Peter, her servant. Two or three of the supporting performers would fit into a better "Romeo and Juliet," and they account for most of the lively moments in the show.

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An outstanding feature of this revival is the Oliver Messel scenery. The crenellated exteriors of the first act and the draped interiors of the second are a rich impressionistic setting for the loves and hatreds of old Verona. Across these imaginative backgrounds, and on several levels including that of the converted orchestra pit, director Glenville moves his players with a fine sense of action in latent or open conflict. Some of his compositions, notably that of Juliet's fake death, have a flavor of Renaissance painting about them in combination with Messel's designs. In these respects, and in some others including the incidental music by David Diamond, the late Dwight Deere Wiman arranged to present Shakespeare with the production respect he deserves. But the bloodless poses and intoned phrases of this "Romeo and Juliet" are a tiresome accompaniment for so much effort.

Daily Mirror

March 12, 1951

De Havilland's 'Juliet' Is A Personal Triumph

By ROBERT COLEMAN

Shortly before his recent untimely death, Dwight Deere Wiman had readied for rehearsals a revival of Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet," to star Olivia de Havilland of the films. It is tragic that Wiman could not have been present at the Broadhurst Theatre Saturday evening to witness its Broadway triumph. It is a superlative production.

Oliver Messel, gifted English designer, has created sets and costumes that are breath-taking. The backgrounds are fluid and obviate lulls during changes of locale. And director Peter Glenville has staged the classic with taste and fine effect. As one of Glenville's foremost boosters, we are indeed proud of his latest achievement.

As Juliet, Miss de Havilland is amazingly youthful in appearance and manner. It is a softly spoken, carefully studied interpretation of the great role, offering contrast to the more robust performances of her associates. The first-nighters were calling her out again and again for bows as we rushed away to our typewriter. It is evident that she has a large and loyal following, and will doubtless prove one of our most popular Juliets.

Douglas Watson is a graceful, impassioned and eloquent Romeo. He teams beautifully with Miss de Havilland to create the spirit of youth that Shakespeare embodied in this romantic tragedy. We have seen some Romeos and Juliets, in our time, who resembled anything but Veronese teenagers.

For our money, Mercutio is one of the best parts ever penned by Shakespeare. And Jack Hawkins is nothing less than magnificent in the current production. He looks a little like Al Trahan, has a delivery reminiscent of that of Ralph Forbes, and is a terrific trouper. We suspect there wasn't a person in the audience last night who didn't regret it when Hawkins sustained a mortal wound in the duel with Tybalt, called down a plague upon the houses of Montague and Capulet, and departed the stage. It's too bad the Elizabethan master failed to provide him a return in the second act.

We've always considered Evelyn Varden one of the most accomplished character actresses in the American theatre, but we never realized, until we saw her as the Nurse, just how wonderful and versatile she really is. This is, perhaps, her top performance of the many we've seen.

Salutes also are due James Hayter, Malcolm Keen, Isobel Elsom, Gregory Morton, Robert Duke, John McKee, Michael Higgins, William Smithers and Herbert Ransom in other roles.

It was the late Max Reinhardt who first introduced Miss de Havilland to Shakespeare. It was he who urged her to study the role of Juliet and play it some day. So we have him to thank for the fact that his protegee and Wiman finally decided to give us this stirring and distinguished revival of "Romeo and Juliet." It is an event not to be missed.

DAILY NEWS

March 12, 1951

Wherefore Art Thou Too, Juliet? Drama Sicklied O'er by Pale Cast

By JOHN CHAPMAN

The late Dwight Deere Wiman's production of "Romeo and Juliet," which opened at the Broadhurst Theatre Saturday evening, is a thing of almost oriental splendor in its trappings—and an astonishingly colorless affair in its acting. I admire the brave determination of movie queen Olivia de Havilland to play Shakespeare's fated lass, but feel impelled to report that Juliet seems quite far beyond her range as an actress. Nor is Douglas Watson's Romeo any better. Together they manage no more than the most worked-up exercise in elocution since the Lincoln-Douglas debates.

The star performer is the English scene designer, Oliver Messel, who has created a fabulous series of Veronese and Mantuan exteriors and interiors and has costumed the players most beautifully. The street scenes have the sunlight and air of Italy itself; Juliet's boudoir is a lovely abode, and the tomb is in keeping with the dire ending of the tragedy. Almost all of the scenes are full-stage, but I wish that one of them were not—Friar Laurence's cell. Here, for once, should be a sense of intimacy, yet it is not achieved.

They're No Children.

Miss de Havilland is a handsome woman, but she cannot give the illusion of being a lovesick child. Her range of emotion and her variety of facial expressions are limited, and she is even more limited vocally. She speaks clearly and understandably, but in a rather wearisome singsong. The same criticisms can be leveled at Mr.